

**HOLLAND
INGRATITUDE
OF, A SERIOUS
EXPOSTULATION
WITH THE
DUTCH.**

Shewing their Ingratitude to this Na-
tion, and their inevitable Ruine,
without a speedy Compliance
and Submission

TO HIS

**Sacred Majesty
OF
BRITAIN.**

By **CHARLES MOLLOY**
of Lincoln's Inn, Gent.

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The Explanation of the Frontis-piece

WHat may this Emblem mean? A *Cow* with *Kings*?
A *Miser* & *Prince*? These are *mysterious* things!
Fed by a *KING* too, O, I have in *Howd* blott
Holland is represented by the *Cow*, and *Howd*
Englands Great Monarch gives this *Beast* its food,
Which is the *Issue* of a *Kip rane Braad*.

Intuitively view this *belly'd Creature*,
And you shall finde it both in form and feature
The *Dutch Resemblance*, and to come more near,
A *Flemish Proe* and *Cow* both *Calves* do bear.

See how her Neck she doth extend to feed,
Yet (damn'd Ingrate) would make her Feeder bleed:
Her Essence she receiv'd from *England*, yet
Ingrateful *She* doth now disown that Debt.
Grateful Acknowledgement this *Beast* now scorns,
But strives to goar her *Maker* with her horns.
Now since 'tis so (*GREAT KING*) Commission give,
How long this base unthankful *Beast* shall live,

Her sides with fat ambitiously do swell;
'Tis onely seeming fat, *She* is not well,
She's out of tune, her looks declare her sick
Of Tumult, and Disorder, Lunatick
She must have *Doctors*, and she must endure
Phlebotomizing, to enjoy a Cure.

Our *KING's* the *Balsom*, and the *Hellebore*,
That must preserue our *Int'rest*, and restore
Hollands dead *Senpor*, to a just quick sense
Both of *Ingratitude* and *Recompence*.
Hee'l teach *Her* both at once to feel, and know,
These two deep points, what *She* doth want and owe.

He that enjoys the *Danish* Regal Seat,
Holds by the Horns, who in a *Bergen* heat

Pretends much friendship, and with Pitch and Tar,
And her own Money, carries on the War.
Denmark beware, lest we hereafter Scoff;
Her turn being serv'd, *She* then will turn you off.
Rather, since thee I not bear her Sovereigns yoke,
Hold her Head safe for *Englands fatal stroke*.
When by that blow *She* falls, we must conclude
The Judgement just against Ingratitude.

Sit fast brave *Don*, since Mounted, let her know
Who was her Master once, who must be now.
Spur to the quick this slow-paced Animal;
Though *She* may vince or kick, thou canst not fall.
Be bold, *She* is thy own, spare not her side,
Hold fast the Horns, thou maist command her Hide.
Make her to bellow, if *She* will not own
Her just Allegiance to the Spanish Crown.
Make known, the World's not come to that strange pass,
That the right Owner dares not Ride his Ass.

Munster stick close, for th' own and CHARLES his sake,
And leave her not, till that her heart doth ake.
Thou hitherto most glorious things hast done;
Go on, and perfect what thou hast begun

What do my Eyes behold upon the Ground?

The Cow's Close-stool-pan is the Gallick Crown.

That Prince that rides with a Rebellion's Scurf,

Is sure t'have Dirt thrown on his Diadem.

By that he makes Home-spun Rebellion swell,

And so doth teach his Subjects to Rebel.

Lastly, you see a Prince that strongly ruggs,

And boldly sucks this Sullen Beast's rich udders.

Many attend her, and I hope concur


(in distinct Interests) to Ruine her.

Great CHARLES and Munster will conjoin in one,

To share her Flesh, Let *Let* pick the Bone.

TO THE
VVORLDS VVONDER,
THEIR
ENEMIES TERROR,
AND
Noble Defenders of their KING, and
Countreys Honor,
THE
BRITISH NATION.

Dear Countrey-men,

 *I may be in this conjuncture of
Affairs, you may think I have
said too little, as things now
stand between His Majesty of
Britain, and the Flemings,
truly I could say more, it being my duty to
vindicate my Countreys Honor and Interest,
as far as such high Provocations, multiplied
by*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

by the weight of so many Obligations, may justly bear; yet have I been so far from setting Wounds bleeding afresh, (since I hope there is an Antidote making ready in Holland) that I have labored (perhaps without thanks) to salve with as much gentleness as modesty could give me leave, the sad and fatal Breaches; However, I shall be more ready to ask pardon, than offend by being too censorious, or violent against an Enemy; for, give me leave to tell you, I think we live in an Age that cannot well be flattered by fine words, truth and the matter is that they expect, I hope I have laid it down, and that without gilded Sentences: Accept them, and weigh them justly, for on my word they come from a faithful and loyal Subject to His Majesty, though never in his pay.

Charles Molloy.

Hollands ingratitude

TO ENGLAND.

CZEAR endured without exclamation the Senators Poniards, as whetted by interest or Revenge, but when that of his own Imp *Brutus* was presented against him, he covered his face, leaving the world with no less shame, then indignation against so much unnaturall ingratitude. The like might we do in relation to the *Dutch*: As to impute the fomenting of a War now against our Royal Sovereign: their base and barbarous dealings with us at both the Indies against our Factories and Trade; and their many and horrible outrages committed, as well on the Seas and other Ports in the World; as also at *Ambayna*, as at *Guyne*, to be onely the same hand that assisted the Enemy towards the loss of *Rochel*, in one word onely to the sordidness of their *East* and *West-Indy* Companies, and other Merchants, who have not onely been known to sell Ammunition to the *Turks* and other *Mahometans*, the very blasphemers of their Religion, (as if they own any by retail), but even to his Catholic Majesty, when he was bound in Honour no less then Interest, to be their Enemy in grose.

Neither had I ever wished the *Christians* those *Enemies*, but

but that I see them so ready to become an Egyptian
 Pillage, by ~~craving~~ against us in our own ~~States~~; yet
 though most of their Gentry were buried in the cruelty
 of such as formerly govern'd them, and all marks of Ho-
 nour almost blotted amongst them, in shoole of Profit;
 they shall find so much civility in me, as to endeavour
 rather to bind up then enlarge the Rupture their indiscre-
 tion hath made with his Sacred Majesty; to whom I shall
 in modesty shew how far they stand obliged, and offer
 reasons to dissuade them from those wilde courses, by
 which they do no less tickle the hearts of their Enemies
 with delight, then wound those with Shame and fear who
 do affect them.

*Here then let me crave leave to address my Speech to this
 ungrateful Neighbour, and thus expostulate with him.*

*Against
 his Ca-
 tholick
 Majesty.*

After that France, tired with labour, the striving of her
 own Children had caused in the Bowels of her State, and
 child by the cold distrust conceived of Your success,
 * had deserted you in despair,
 1. You may remember how England opened her ten-
 der Arms to receive your Fugitives, and her Purse to pay
 your Souldiers. So that a foot of ground cannot be
 called yours, that owes not a third part to the experience,
 Valour, or Counsel of the English; of whom such glorious
 Spirits have expired in your defence, as have been thought
 at too too mean a rate, to double the value of what they
 fought for. Brave Sidney falling upon such ground as his
 glorious Mistress thought too base and ignoble to bury
 him in; though you offered to purchase that Honour, at
 the price of the richest ~~Monuments~~ you were then able to
 erect.

Did

(3)

2. Did not the *English* dispute your *Title* at *Ostend*, till they had no earth to plead on, the very ground failing them, before their *Valours*? Yet whilst fighting there, not onely against the Flower of the *Spanish* Army, but the *Plague*, *Hunger*, and *Cold* dispaire; their fellowes put you in possession of *slaves* beyond your hopes. So as it may be said (without *Hyperbole*; The Nobility and Gentry Queen *Elizabeth* lost, doubled the number, the Cruelty of *Spaines* great *Philip* had left you?

3. Do not the Maritim Townes of *Kent*, *Essex*, *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*, &c. abound with the Issue of those *Swarms*, the very sound of their fellowes *Calamities*, and *miseries* had driven out of their *Hives*?

4. Have you not had Liberty to Trade, and to become free *Denizens*, nay so Graciously have you been used by His Sacred Majesty, and his Royal Father, and by his now generous Parliament to admiration, witnessing but the Acts of *Naturallizing* so many of your *spawne* in 12°. 13°. and 14°. of His now Majesties Reign with Power to buy and purchase Land in Fee simple, Tale or otherwise in any of His Cities, or Countreyes, no mark of distinction being imposed in relation either to Honour, profit, or Justice?

5. Has not His Sacred Majesty been alwayes so Tender of his Royal word that he made with you before he left the *Hague*, and the Preservation, whilst you needed it, and friendship, since God hath enabled you to sublist, as he scarce had set foot on his Royal Throne here, before the fence of your safety no lesse then His own Nature and Religion, inspired him with an earnestness to renew or strengthen His *Royal alliance* with you not so observable in respect of any Neighbour beside, doubling I am sure,

no lesse in their Retaliation, then acceptance, the poor and few marks of gratitude, have dropt from you; Rather expunging them, with your more frequent Injuries, as being more willing to impute your failings to the lesse Courtly nature of the Soyle and People, then the want of gratitude and Civility, in so prudent a State to such a Potent Neighbour as *Britain*, who next to God may justly be stiled her *Maker*, in dispensing with so many dangers and inconveniencies for your sake?

Queen Elizabeths
assistance
against the
Spaniard.

6. Can you think so wise a Counsel as this Nation was steered by, did not apprehend; that though the making you free might fortifie the *Queens* our works; yet it could not but as much dismantle the Royal Fort of *Monarchy*, by teaching Subjects the way to Depose their Princes, and be no losers by the Bargain, which (by the way) would have rendered you unacceptable to all neighbour Monarchs, for thereby you'd furnish their Subjects with a pretence upon all occasions of advantage to do the like?

Was not the assisting you, an occasion of our Invasion in *eightly eight*, by a *Navy* held invincible in the Creed of *Rome*, till the more glorious valours of the *English*, (assisted by the *Lord of Hosts*) had clearly confuted the *Dover. Popes* Title, even to the amazement of the *Clifts*, and wonder of the World. The onely reason then that kept King *Philip* from heading a Royal Army in his own Person, was fear he did apprehend of being cast in his passage out of *Spain* (as his Father *Charles* the fifth was) upon the *British* shore, knowing the *English* more cordial in your preservation, then ever to suffer him to come and go in peace, when he came on so bloody an errand?

7. And though he as a magnanimous Prince, and so great

great a Monarch as he was, yet he did often desire *his* Sister of England to bear his just defence for his rigorous proceedings; She refusing to dispute the truth of your Complaints, presuming it more probable for a stranger to be a Tyrant, then that the natural Inhabitants should upon a *slighter* cause, cast themselves into the no lesse bloody, then scorching flames of a civil and uncertain War: She seeming rather to forget the Obligations She owed him, either as a private Person or Brother, when he was King of England, then her neighbours oppressions. I shall not here need draw blood in your Faces by Application, your own conscience does it.

8. Were not your Messengers received into England in the quality of Embassadors, they being then too modest to own higher Titles then of *Poor Petitioners*; casting themselves prostrate at the feet of no less Potent Tribunal, then what you were admitted to in the quality of *Embassadors*; but the other day, and the which you now fight against? Hal! tell me, Was it not such an honour you could *never* have attained to, but through the clemency of a gracious Prince? Your own Messengers at the very time, in the same quality, but narrowly escaped the Gallows, when they went with their own Petition to his *Catholic Majesty*. And did not his late Sacred Majesty, out of his Princely goodness, imbroider your Messengers with Titles unworthy such ingratitude, as you after ward shewed him and his against your alliance then made and professed?

One made
a Lord, the
other a
Knight, at
Oxford.

9. Have not you opened your Arms to receive *those* into your Counsels and Pay, that even the whole world does blush at the reflection of so horrid an Act; such is it, that at its Relation Tears fall on my Pen, as if it should say,
Thou

Thou art not able to expresse its blackness. Wherein *Holland* canst thou glory? Not with colouring it with a charitable Protection? O! no, for sure I am that will vaile it self at the Relation of so horrid a Villany; then what satisfaction can you give the world, or fancy to your selves, when you show a President how to protect the horridst Regicide that ever drew breath, such as are culpable of no less Crime then the Blood of Kings, Christian Kings; nay such a one as the world when living never could (nor though dead) be able to match; it was that glorious Prince, when living, that espoused you, as it were, into his Royal Family; it was he when your Embassadors were jeered, that out of the great Mass of *Holland*, could not afford them selves Cuffs, could answer, *It was never good world when States men took notice of such trifles.* It was He that could part with his Royalty and Prerogative, and give you the honour and profit then to fish in his Seas, when otherwise you might have starved for Fish; It was He that gave you those many Priviledges that your own Cronologers have ingraved to posterity, yet have you been so far from managing this Partiality or Charity, within the ordinary carriere of Prudent Princes (who upon a less desertion of Fortune then was observed, withdraw their assistance from all parties, looked upon with an unbiassed Aspect) especially such who are not only Traytors to us, but also in State Policy to all Princes and States whatsoever.

10. Nay see further your ingratitude, that no sooner providence had measured out the Kingdom into Peace, by restoring of us our Dread Sovereign unto his undoubted Right, and the very words of a firm Alliance and Amity (concluded betwixt you and him) / *scarcely*
cold

cold in his mouth; but what wonderful outrages you committed in our Ships and Merchants in almost all places and Ports where you could either find or meet them, but especially there, where you found your selves able to trouble the English power and strength, who if equally but Man'd or Ship't, would have reduced your Brandy courages into that combustion, which they say that Wine bears, and that onely by its flames to behold your own Ruines. Nay such was your Ingratitude, as if nothing were more indifferent to you, *Then who were happy, so England were miserable.* Nay after our good God had given their Royal Highnesses that Triumphant Conquest over you, and dispersed that Invincible Fleet (as you thought) of yours; and contrary to all expectation, broke your Swords, and knapt your Spears in sunder, yet you then let your Ribald Pen vomit out floods of Reproaches, in hope to involve us in a Civil War again, who was then in a strong labour with a peace to An Angry and justly displeased God; yet blessed be his Name, it was such a punishment as the Man after his own heart chose. Nor did you in all your horrid Libels, Pamphlets and Pictures forget any one thing that could be said to his Sacred Majesties Court, Parliament and Kingdoms disparagement, the which with an impartial eye, would onely delineate your own deplorable condition.

No Indecency, I am sure in any of them observable during their proceedings, that is not easily to be made a wish an Enemy of yours.

So as the Phantastick Ring-leader upon your Pilates in our Vells by accident then proposed more his Majesties Friends and made better use of reason of Sense.

For

For finding their Faction here was able to return them no more than a bare compliance of mock God-Prayers, and also finding that Prince of Wonder the Duke of *albanarle* was ready to give them the Reward of Traytors and Rebels, they did (as I hope you will) dissolve, and it may be returned to their first Principal, the Devil: yet such was your ingratitude, that there was nothing wanting towards the fomenting and stirring up the same.

Now I have in part drawn, to the knowledge of all, your Ingratitudes, yet not one hundred part of what they are, and for their hainouness deserve onely a Pen of Steel, to Record them in the wrinkled brow of time, there to remain to posterity.

Give me leave to expostulate with you, for I in Conscience, and as an *English* man, cannot but pay that duty which I in honour owe to this famous Nation, but ask who made you so far our Surveyors, as to limit out the extent of their conveniencies, that are found to have laid out themselves to purchase yours?

Was ever so high an intrusion offered, as for a Neighbour to prescribe how another should be regulated in matter of Trade, and what Bottoms are fittest to be employed? Would you not scorn the like Usurpation, though made by your --- *France*, or new sworn *Ally Denmark*, who for so many years hath ground your faces with a Tole, never yet imposed upon you by our Kings in our Seas? For the proof of whose Propriety, I leave you to *Learned Selden* in his *MARE CLAUTUM*, and another excellent Piece Entitled *DOMINUM MARIS*, Or Translated out of *Italian* by a Person of Honour.

And

And if you were not unwilling for those many years to come fishing, and bribing the Usurpers so long, for your Fishing, why should you be so touchy now, with such as inquire whether it was worth your Cost? And though I was pleased to hear so rich a Town as *Amsterdam* could be founded on *Herring-bones*. The Lord of Hosts is my Faithfull witness how afflicted I should be to see it hazard the reducing into its first Principle by a war with *England*.

And thus much I understand of your Trade, that the late Usurpers did not onely give you the Fish but baits to catch them, laden by boats full out of the *Thames*, which they would never have done, had they been as full of circumspection as that creature is reported to be of eyes.

Now this considered pray why may not his Majesty assume to himself the rights of dispature, and Regulating that which undoubtedly is his own, and why may not he take that undoubted Style of Lord of the *British Ocean* as well as you at *Guinea*, and the *Indies*, that strive with your Maker who shall be most High and Mighty.

There are three things principally insisted upon, by which the United Provinces pretend to have fixed an Obligation upon *England* and expunged their former Score, which nevertheless upon an impartial debate will rather prove wholly chargeable upon their own accounts then ours, so far are they from having given a full satisfaction for all the Love, Cost, and Blood, expended by us in their preservation.

1. The first is the assistance lent us in Eighty Eight

C

which

which was no more then the profest Antagonist to the quiet of *Italy*, did freely contribute against the common Enemy in the battle of *Lepanto*, who did there oppose the *Grand Signior* in relation to their Respective safeties. Besides it was a true received maxime in the wise Councell of *Spain* and holds to still

That he that desires to subdue the United Provinces, must first Conquer England, or draw her from their succours,

And finding the latter impossible, they fell upon the the other as more feazible.

2. The second is your Entertainment given to those paterns of wonder in suffering, the distressed King and Queen of *Bohemia*, which according to the rest of your pretended Curtesies unto *England*, you have strained far higher then the string is able to bear in its natural extent, therefore I shall take leave to tune it right in the ears of all impartiall Judgements, and after setting open the Cabinet give men free leave to value the Jewell, which in truth amounts to no more then giving house room to a vertuous Prince undone by your Councell and the rest of the union

3. For the third is your entertainment likewise which you gave his Sacred Majesty in his exile and those of his Loyal Nobility & followers, that run the same hazard with their dear Master in his afflictions during the Usurpers, the which truly was no more but house room. It is true, you did it, but wherein could you be endangered by it for by that Act you had only showed some part of your acknowledgements to the living branches, nay the very Images and children of those famous men that had formerly expired in your preservation, but also purchased that, from the Princes in the world, which you could never have done

done otherwise, An eternal love ; such, that had not Almighty God made his Sacred Majesty a second Cause in the same, your own Interests could never have purchased the like ; in one word, his Majesty, his Counsel, and those of his Royal Trayn, were the best Arrow in the Belgick Lyons Paw. I need not give the Reasons for what I say, I say I need not, for I am sure that there is scarce a Man amongst you all but were the better by it, and you know it too too well ever to demand the same, therefore I shall wave all that touches that matter.

As for the business of *Amboyna* cast into the Ballance, whose very Name, whilst Son and Moon shall keep their course, or an *English* Spirit breath, can never be forgot or (I fear) forgiven ; yet Heaven knows my Soul, I shall be so far from opening the horror of its Act to the world, that I will close it with these few Lines, the which I wish you may truly follow.

O Priam griev'd, when he too late did find,
 The Grecian Horse with Armed men was lind :
 So brave Agamemnon look't with sad eyes,
 When he beheld his Daughters Sacrifice.
 So sight Achilles, when in sorrow sent
 His loved Brices to Alcides Tent :
 Or, as that brave Thebeam Wife that mourn'd
 To see her Hectors body rob'd, intomb'd.
 Such for those Cruelties at *Amboyna* done
 By your back fends, may you for ever mourn,
 In sighs and sable tears, nay such that may
 Wash clear your hands against worlds judging day.

Andro-
 matha.

For my part really I doubt not, but that upon a more serious reflection of your *Wisdoms* on your own Interest, you will return to a more straight Alliance with his Majesty, by making just satisfaction for what you and yours have most ungratefully done to this Nation, unless that God in his anger hath suffered you, to mingle *Lethe* with the rest of your *Liquor*.

Nay further, give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for you to subsist without contracting a straight Alliance with us, and complying with his Majesties just requests, the which if not done, you'll find a *Britans* Courage within few months give Laws, and Command, that which you denyed Sir *George Downing*, upon so many of his Majesties Gracious Messages by him to you, the which you then as it were scorn'd, but I believe since have paid soundly for that Ingratitude; but to return, I say it is impossible for you to subsist without *his Alliance*.

1. For first you cannot trust *Spain*, or your new sworn Ally *France*, The one laying claim to what you possess, the other to what you are ambitious to obtain.

Whereas *England* stands free from all such pretences, *Queen Elizabeth* refusing to hold you in gross, and onely accepted of *Flushing* and *the Brill*, the which *King James* was so weary of, as he returned them for a far less sum then they were pawned.

2. Neither is his Majesty ambitious of any of your *Dutch Lands*, because he has more *Marsh Lands* already within his Dominions, then is well known how to be disposed of; besides it were a madness for any true *English* man who may live quietly in *Ireland* (which for *Portis*

Sea and Plenty is inferior to no *Island* in the whole world,
to venture fighting for an *Estate* in *Holland*.

3. Is our *Alliance* likely to change if once firmly established? whereas there is no longer hold with *France*, then whilst the two Potent Factions of *Protestant* & *Papist* still subsist within her in peace; by the clashing of which, or any other inland or forreign matter, they immediately will flag off, and so leave you to be your own Guardians. Nay if you but go a little further, and thoroughly Scan your *Alliance* with *France*, you will find *Poyson* at the bottom of their friendship, more danger then protection, it having been alwayes the humour of that people to swagger with their Neighbours for room, upon the least enjoyment of quiet, being seldom or never able to serve their *Allies*, but when they are in worse case to help themselves.

Nay if you were but sensible of the happiness of that condition you are in, and of the most scorching Slavery in the World that that famous Nation now lies under by their Kings there --- me thinks should terrifie you; who by so many brave Conquests joyntly with the *English*, to the worlds amazement freed and redeemed you from the *Spanish* Yoke, should now forsake them and cleave to a *French* Mushroome, who was ever accounted to say one thing, write another, and mean another; nay admit them into your very Bowels, the which I fear will be too too late repented, when like a brood of *Vipers* you shall behold them gnawing their way through the body of their Succourer, whose life inevitably perishes thereby.

For pray what can you build by his assistance into your *Country* of advantage? O, he is to assist you

you against the Prince of *Adunster*; is that it, well very good: but pray if so, why must there be no less then fourscore or a hundred thousand men in Arms in and about you: Thanks be to God, it is none of *Englands* smallest blessings that they are not able to come hither on Horse-back, and you very well know the *French* Proverb, *Never Peace at home, unless they be at War with other states*: *Holland* is rich and good plunder, therefore look to it; in one word, you have good store of Ships, and they have good store of Men, which I believe you want; and you had best do with them as the *English* Nobility did *William* the Conqueror, invite him for succour, and he proved their Murderer, and then Crown'd himself; which was but the *French* Proverb verified, *Bastion porte paix quand & soy*. The Sword or Club where ere it comes it brings Laws with it.

Lastly, The *French* are not so sutable to your Fumours as the *English*, who look upon Merchants as Gentlemen, they as Pedlers; in one word, you have only a friend at a Sneeze, the which, in plain *English*, is onely *God help you*.

I know you are too wise to expect real friendship from *Spain*, or a continuance of your never to be broken agreement made with his *Catholick Majesty*, if you continue as you have begun with *Us*.

It not being likely he should oversee, the advantage will be offered him, of catching of *Gudgeons* in your *Inland Waters*, whilst we are out at Sea scuffling for *Sprats*.

If you be prohibited Trading hither but one year longer, I wonder what the Devil will become with the *French Wines*, the most staple Comodity they have to bar-

ter for? The *East* Countries being as unable to take them off, by reason of Cold, as you to consume them in burnt Wines.

Monarchs neither do, nor can look upon you under a milder aspect then *Traitors*, without a *Tacit* consent of the like Power resident in their People explode them, as conscient of giving the same cause; whereas *England* does and ever did esteem you in a more Honourable Relation and Interest; For though you like the *Dial* of *Abaz* recoyled so many Degrees back in the Sphear of *Policy*, it is naturally more proper for that hand, and that Power which first made you a Free State to be touched with an Inclination ever to maintain that Honour and Interest, which the blood of so many of their Brave Country-men, has expired in the setting of it up.

Experience the true *Polititian* has made it apparrent how advantageous an *English* Confederacy and Alliance hath been alwayes to you: For if you consider how Honourable it would be to *Spain*, who hath long endeavoured it. And convenient to *France* in regard of her claim to *Artoys* & *Hannant*, to convert you into a *Colony*, you would not be so intent upon Profit as to encroach the very whole Trade in the world out of your (under God) Makers mouths as you now do, for I know your Wisdoms do know it is esteemed by all prudent Nations far inferiour to Safety. As for your Alliance with *Denmark* truely that is likelier to ad number then weight to friendship, being lyable to bewhistled off, or on, according to the Inclination of His *Imperial Majesty* so twisted in marriages

marriages with the *Catholic King*, with whom His Majesty has made a firm Alliance, that the difficulty is as great to distinguish between their Interests as *Consanguinity*: and it may be, he may find his Country too hot to hold him, if his Neighbour the *Swede* does but think they have got any thing Rich since 1657. Besides those *Eastern Countries* have been ever looked upon, not only as a *Store-house*, wherein God boards up the miseries of the *Winter*, but also the *Cruel Plagues of IncurSIONS*; apparent in the *Goths* and *Vandals*, whose barbarous hands assisted *Time*, in the destruction of such Monuments in *Italy*, as she alone amongst her *Heroes*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and all her other *Intestine Civilians* had not been able to demolish.

To conclude with a few Queries, let me Humbly
desire you to consider,

1. Whether such as do now Foment this Division, do not Act the Ingenious Policy of the Wolf in the Fable, that perswaded the Sheep to give over their Mastives?

2. What other Alliance can afford you so safe Harbourage, in case of foul weather at Sea, as *England, Scotland, and Ireland*? if none; whether Contingencies driven in by storm under our shelter, your *East and West-India*, and *Sirais-men*, may not exceed all the Coals and Tobacco-Prizes *De Rutjer*, or young *Van-Trump*, shall scrape up upon the Sea?

3. If the raising a flying Army in the *Netherlands*, may not one time or other be reduced to such a Faction, especially when headed by one that cannot keep the same consort with you; be a great cause of Resolving you into your first Principle of both *Poor, Distressed, and Oppressed*. Nay, it may be, further reduce you to be *Vassals* to some of your right or left-hand Neighbours, whose Aim is wholly to Root up that Vine, which they perceive is likely to Eclipse their Glories in Traffick and Trade?

4. If *Venice* may not improperly be called the Signet on *Neptunes* Right-hand; Whether *England* and the *Netherlands*, being in a straight Confederacy, may not be stiled his two Arms? By which, in relation to their Shipping, he embraceth the Universe.

D

5. Whe-

5. Whether your Maiden-Towns, as you call them; may not longer enjoy that Title under the Alliance of *England*, who hath many more rich and beautiful Harbours and Havens then the French King, that cannot brag of the like Plenty, or Conveniency for Scituation, by the half?

6. Whether your admitting those *Taterdemalion Mushrooms* of Fortune, (the French) into your Country, may not conjure up the Old Devil, which they were ever possess'd of, *to be no mans friend, but for their own end?* Your Wisdomes may understand what manner of Title they can broach, &c. when once they are i'th' Sadle: they have got the Bridle in their hands already, (I do not tell you it's a *Dunkirk-one*) but I believe the Stirrup likewise. Which if so, I can but smile to think how your High and Mighty Cedars will so Artificially be turn'd into poor and low Shrubs.

7. Whether the sixth Querie does not come too late?

8. Whether the making an honourable Peace with *England*, by complying to her Demands, may not be said putting of money to Interest?

9. In case it so happens, whether their Wisdomes do not cease two dangerous and chargeable Wars, the which if not done, may not (if there be any such thing as a British spirit) be the sole cause of having it said; *Their blood was upon their own heads?*

10. If a Candle being extinguish'd, whether the snuff is pleasing to any of the senses?

11. Whether in case *Zealand*, or any other of your

your Provinces, irritated by the Inconveniencies that must inevitably follow, may not be tempted to divide, and adhere to the Stronger and Honeſter ſide? and which that is, your VViſdomes may eaſily reſolve, from the Diſpute his Royal Highneſs, and the brave *Rupert*, gave you Min-here *Opdam*?

12. Whether the Dutch are not convinced of an hereſie that they broacht, that their Highneſſes died, and roſe again the thirtieth day after?

13. Laſtly, Whether the World may not afford Us, and You, ſufficient Trade, without Intruding on each others Interests? And if in caſe there be any Wolves in Sheeps-skins amongſt us, that ſeek to deſtroy us; have we not that bleſſed ſaying ready, *Is there not a David for a Shepherd to ſmite?*

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A Panegyrick, on the Illustrious
G E O R G E
 Duke of *Albemarle, &c.*



*What Blustering Noise, thus interrupts
 our Sleeps,
 And Ecchoing Shouts, thus cleave the
 Cristal Deep?
 And seems to call, Great George, from
 Royal Court.*

*What noise of Canon, and what Mars-like Sport
 Se-ecchoe hither, by th' Iffean Spring?
 Hark, with what Shouts the Dales, and Rocks, do ring;
 And in unusual Pomp, on Tip-toes stand,
 And (full of Wonders) over-look the Land.
 What Load-star Eastward, draweth thus all Eyes?
 Whence doth this noise of Guns and Drums arise?
 Sure Heav'n has seen our wrongs, our just desires
 Obtained are, no higher now aspires
 Our wishing Thoughts, since to his Native clime,
 The Flower of Princes, Honour of his time
 Is now return'd to give Imperial Laws,
 To France her glory, and proud Belgick's Paws.
 Thy life was kept, till the Three Sisters spun
 Their Threads of Gold, and then it was begun;*

His Life.

Scarce

Scarce wast thou born, when joy'n'd in friendly bands,
 Two mortall foes with other Clasp'd hands,
 With Trade, Portage, Trade, which most should grace
 Thy place for Thee, Thee for so high a place;
 One vow'd thy sacred Brest not to forsake,
 The other on Thee not to turn her back;
 And that Thou more Her loves Effects mightst feel,
 For Thee, she left her Globe, and broke her Wheel.

When Tears Thee Vigour gave, O then how clear
 Did smother'd Sparkles in bright Flames appear!
 O Thou! far from the Common-pitch didst rise,
 With thy Designs, to dazle Envy's eyes.
 Thou soughtst to know this Alls-eternal Source
 Of ever-turning Heavens, their restless Course:
 Their fixed Lamps, their Light which wandring run,
 Whence Moon her Silver bath, his Gold the Sun,
 The light Aspiring fire, the liquid Air,
 The Flaming Dragons, Comets with Red Hair;
 Heavens Tilting Launce, Artillery, and Bow,
 Loud sounding Trumpets; Darts of Hail and Snow;
 The Roaring Element, with People dumb
 The Earth, with what conceiv'd is in her Vomb;
 What on her mooves, were set unto thy sight,
 Till thou didst find their causes, Essence, might,
 In chief thy mind didst give to understand,
 A Kingdomes Steerage, and how to Command.
 Though Crown'd thou wert not, nor a Prince by Birth,
 Thy worth deserv'd a Coronet on Earth.
 Search this half Spheare, and the Antartick Ground,
 Where is such Counsel, Courage to be found;
 As into silent Night, when near the Beat,
 The Virgin-Huntress shines at full, most clear;
 And

And strives to match her Brothers golden Light,
 The Host of Stars, doth vanish in her sight.
 So Brittaines Dukes, shine bright in their degree,
 All else loose Lusture, parallel'd with Thee;
 By just descent, from Honour thou didst shine,
 By just desert, Imblazon'd is thy Line;
 For by thy Counsels, more then any Law,
 Straid gone Sheep to Loyalty Thou didst draw,
 Ever more prizing a true Loyal Brest
 Then Peru's Gold, inclos'd in Marble Chest.

As a Plan-
 tangent.

No Mists of greatness ever could thee blind,
 No stormy Passions do disturb thy Minde.
 Submitting Belgick Foes, thou life didst give
 Ingrateful souls that would not have us live.
 What Man by Goodness, hath such Glories gain'd,
 Whose Princes right and Peoples so maintain'd?
 Not where the Swain sits piping on a Reed,
 But where the wounded Knight his life doth bleed.
 Not where the Huniskian winds his shrill-tun'd Horn,
 But where the Canon does Joves Thunder scorn.
 Not where the Panick Shepherds keep their Flocks,
 But where the Bloud-d-d-Sea doth dash the Rocks.

Thou art this Isle's Palladium, neither can,
 Whilst thou command'st it, be overcome by man.
 If sure the VVorld above, did want a Prince,
 The VVorld above too soon, would take Thee hence.

O Virtues Patern! Glory of our Times,
 Sent of Past-dayes, to expiate our Crimes;
 Great Prince, but better far then thou art Great,
 Whom State not honours, but who honours State.
 By wonder born, by wonder first instal'd;
 By wonder, after to new Glories call'd.

Young

Young kept by wonder, from home-bred Alarms,
 Old sav'd by wonder, from th' Ingrateful hands;
 To be for this Command, which wonder brings;
 A Prince of wonder, wonder unto Kings.
 This was that Brave man, who should right each wrong,
 Of whom the Bards, and Mystick Sibyls sung;
 Long since foretold, by whose Victorious power,
 This Isle, Her Antient Glories should restore;
 And more of Fortunate, deserv'd the style,
 Then those, where Heaven's with double Summers smile.

Run on Great Prince thy Course in Glories way:
 The End, the Life, the Evening crowns the Day.
 Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
 Those Heights, which made the World, Thee first to love.
 Surmount thy Self, and make Thine Actions past,
 Be but as Gleams, or Lightnings of thy last;
 Let them exceed those of thy Younger time,
 As far as Autumn, doth the Flowry prime.
 So ever Gold, and Bayes, Thy Brows adorn,
 So never Time, may see Thy Race out worn;
 So of Thine own, still may it thou be desir'd,
 Of Holland fear'd, and by the World admir'd;
 Till Thy great Deeds, all former deeds surmount,
 Thou'st quail'd the Nimrods of our Hellespont.

Nep



Neptunes Triumph, in a Welcome to the
most Illustrous Rupert, Prince Pala-
tine, and Duke of Cumberland; beseech-
ing him to put a Period to his well-be-
gun Conquest at Sea.

A M I wake? Or have some Dreams conspir'd
To mock my Sense, with what I most desir'd?
View I th' Undaunted Face? See I those looks,
which with delight, were wont to amaze my brooks?
Doe I behold that Mars, that man Divine,
The Worlds great Glory by those Waves of Mine?
Then finde I true, what long I wish'd in vain,
My much-beloved Prince is come again,
So unto them, whose Zenith is the Pole,
VVhen six black Months, bright Sol begins to Roll;
So comes Arabia's wonder from the Woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis Floods.
The feather'd Sylveans, Cloud-like by her fly,
And with triumphing Plaudits beat the Skie.
Nyle marvels, Seraps Priests, entranced stare,
And in Migdonean Stone, her shape ingrate:
In lasting Cedars, they do mark the time,
In which Apollo's Bird came to their Clime.

Phinis.

To Virgins, Flowers ; to Sun-burnt Earth, the Rain ;
 To Mariners, fair VVinds amidst the Main ;
 Cold Snarles, to Pigeons with hot flames burns,
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
 That day (dear Prince) which rob'd us of thy sight,
 (Day ? no, but darkness, and a duskie Night)
 Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
 Turn'd Minutes to sad Months, sad Months to Years.

For while my Court enjoy'd thy Princely gleams,
 She did not envy Belgick's haughty streams,
 Nor wealthy Tagus, with his golden Ore,
 Nor clear Hydaspes which on Pearls doth roar,
 Nor Clouds which near th' Elysium fields do fall ;
 For why ? Thy sight did serve to them for all.

Swell proud my Billowes, faint not to declare
 Your Joys as ample as his Conquests are ;
 For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arions Harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp.
 And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
 And crown this lofty Prince with Lillies fair ;
 Kiss each his floating Castles that do run
 Swift as the Rising or the Setting Sun.

Eye of our western World, Mars-daunting Prince,
 Whose valiant Deeds the World can't recompence ;
 Box they not onely claim those Diadems,
 To which th' Imperial Rhyne subjects her streams,
 But to thy Virtues and thy deeds is due
 All that the Planet of the year doth view.

O dayes to be desir'd ! Age happy thrice,
 If you your Heaven-sent good could dayly prize !
 But we (half Palsie-sick) think never right
 Of what we hold, till it be from our sight ;

Prize

Prize onely Summers sweet perfum'd breath,
When armed Winter threatens us with death.

I see an Age when after some few years,
And Revolutions of the slow-pac'd Sphears:
These dayes shall be 'bove other far esteem'd,
So like the Worlds great Conquerours be deem'd.
The Names of Cæsar, and feign'd Paladine,
Grav'n in Times surly brows, in wrinkled Time;
Of Henries, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their French Conquests, and Orders new of Knights;
Shall by this Princes Name be past as far,
As Meteors are by the Idalian Star.

For to Great Brittain's Isle, thou shalt restore,
Her MARE CLAUSUM; Guard her pearly shore:
The Lyons passant, of Dutch-bands shalt free,
To the true Owner of the Lillies three.

The Seas shall shrink, shake shall the spacious Earth,
And tremble in her Chamber, like pale death.

The hills amaz'd shall stand, the Vales, the rocks,
The roaring Cannon with its Sulpherous pocks,
Shall thunder thy Conquests, that th' world may see

Great Brittain's Arms triumphing under Thee.

Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish't here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what doe I see;

A Prince all Gracious, Affable, Divine,
Meek, Wise, Just, Valiant, and whose radiant shine

Of Virtues (like the Stars about the Pole,
Guiding the Night, enlightneth every soul

That weads my blew Chariot) born in this age,

To guard the Innocents from Tyrants rage;

Restore our Sovereigns right, who rising high

To grace his Throne, makes Brittain's Name to fly

On Halcyon's wings, her Glories which victorious,
Beyond Oceanus to the Indian shores.

O love this Prince with an eternal love!
Since your loves Object doth Immortal prove;
Pray that that Crown his Ancestors did wear,
His Temples long (more happy) he may bear:
That Heaven on him her blessings may bestow,
That so his Conquests may for ever grow:
That Victory his brave Exploits attend,
Or West or South, where e're his force shall tend.
So Memory praise him, so precious hours,
May Character his Name in Barry Flowers,
So may his high Exploits at last make even,
With Earth his Honour, Glory with the Heaven;
So when his well-spent care, all care becalmes,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of Palms;
And rearing up fair Trophies, that Heav'n's may
Extend his Life to th' worlds extreamest day.

Of a Dutchman.

HE is an unfinished man, or else one that Nature made less then others (not for person for that's loustick enough) but in soul. A right Dutchman can never be a true Friend, a Loyal Subject, or a good Neighbour; for his Trade carryes away his heart; & cures his Allegiance, and thieving his soul: he is the meer spawn of the worst
of

of Spaniards, but far now from bearing one spark of their brave Natures. That he is nothing but a confused heap of Butter, Oyl, Cheese and Brandy, so blended together, as if the Almighty when he created the Universe, had designed their beings in Ditches; for they are meer Frogs, Egyptian-plagues, croaking in other mens waters, they having none of their own, but such as they bury their dead in; they are truly the Almightyes Rods, sent to vex his people; and the Devils Kitchin-stuff, to fry the damned. They hate Drink, as the parched Earth does Rain, and cram their Guts with no more zeal, then a starved *Epicurus*. They are alwayes men to morrow morning: they will make Indentures with their heels as they go, and swear *snick* or *snee*, if you make them stand; they are a living Sponge soused in Liqueur, and sometimes so far drown'd, that they need a Coroner. If an English-man but fights them, they look as if their eyes would run into their souls, and their souls out of their eyes, for the sight of an English Sword wounds those Water-Rats more sensibly then a stroak, and that's the reason they dam up their Windows with Brandy, and are drunk ever when they engage: Every English man is his *Hogan-Mogan*, that dare beat him; and every one that knows him dare do it. He is a kind of Chymist and Poet, turns all into Gold and Liqueur, a right Dung-hill-Cock, that scrapes in dirt and mire, to finde the Gem: He knows not how to use it, unless it be to cut his Makers throat, or to study the Kitchin Alchymy, in which he is so learn'd, that he wears his

his brains in his belly, being eternally chain'd by the Teeth unto Meat and Drink, for the salvation of his damn'd Gur. He is never contented full nor fasting, for it grieves his soul (if he has any) to see his Neighbour have an ounce of Peper, or as much Callico as will make a pair of socks for a Flea, and he nor concern'd: No way is indirect for wealth to a Dutch-man, whether of fraud or violence; gain is his Religion, which if Conscience goes about to hinder or exclaim against, immediately condemned for a common Barrater. For wealth he will loose his Friend, betray his Country, pine his Body, and damn his Soul. To conclude,

— He is no less,
 Then the perfection of all wickedness,
 The Quintessence and abstract of all evil,
 And cloth'd in Flesh, to all the closer Devil.

The Character of a French Man.

*A Play so
 called, writ-
 ten by the
 Marquis
 of Newca-
 castle.*

*That Play
 that wants
 a Root.*

His rise, is a Vine-presser at Bourdeaux, a Fidler in Orleans, a Barbar in Paris, a Gentleman in England, and a Lord in the Variety; He is a false Friend, a fawning Spaniel, that will bite an English-man if he can: The worst kinde of Courtier, by so much as he acts the better part. He hath alwayes two Faces, sometimes two hearts, but ever wants a Soul: Witness, the Ingenious Italian, who ever calls him *Mushroom*. He can compose his Fore-head with a smile, while his heart curses the person, and then laughs in himself that he has cozened him. His Tongue and his Lips are true Friends to the Devil; for he never sees Vices, but with a clear eye.

If

If your English Gentleman but Travel to *Normandy*, to see *Henry* the seconds Tomb, it costs him as much as if he had buried him: for he in half an hour shall have more Wasps about his Yellow Jacobuses, then his Mother a Twelve-month about her Bée-hives: Such Legs, such Hats, and Services are tendered, that the Traveller thinks himself in a second *Jerusalem*: His Tongue shall over-walk in the Tract of unjust praises; For a French-man can no more tell how to Discommend; then to speak True: his Speeches are full of wondering Interjections, and cries *Je su Maris*, and then shrinks his Shoulder with as much Zeal, as a Spaniard at Confession.

His Praises are, alwayes in the *Superlative* Degree, and that ever in the presence of the new arrived Object, the which are so stuffed with such damn'd Hypocrisie of may at the English suite he had on, and then tell him with a Countenance twisted like a Cart-rope, that *beggar Monsieur* you have a very hon body, but the Englishman have as frosted as you, then tells of *Devies* the French King *Taylor*, who must straight lie face, who like a *Jacanas* with the Bears, is so be Scarlered and Sworded, that at first you'd take him for a Low-Country Souldier, whose base minde is well suited with his Mercenary Tongue: who does so close up the matter, that in one Summers Month in *April*, Fiddling, Dauncing, Boulting, Fencing, and Frigating, the young Gallant is so Tyred with them, that without summons he returns as Butterflies in *September*, so Metamorphised and o're-grown with Hair, that he looks as if he had been with *Nebuchadnezzar*.

A French mans Art is nothing but a delightful Coynage in smooth Phrases, guilded with Perjury, that makes such fools, who tickle themselves to death with over-valuing themselves: If his English Schollar in the French Tongue, does but utter a *Complément* indifferent, both his hands are little enough to bless himself:

He, excels his Jeopardy in his shame, but always to
 that he may not want a safe conveyance to his Ear, by the
 which he is to Oblige the Young Gallant, rather he shall
 sooner take some French Bawd for his waiting Gentle-
 man, with whom he goes tripe, than any Englishman,
 though he be never so well accomplished. In fine, he
 is ingenious in hiding Imperfections, but not in carrying
 he has a Complexion for every Face. The World is
 not a more Artificial Instrument of Fawning Hypocrisy,
 or a more Impudent Bawd of Dishonesty, than the
 Mulhoom; Honesty to him is Nice Singularity, and
 Religion a meer Cheat, for he'll adore the Sanctified
 Chairs, and if possible, he'll sit in it. All Gravity
 to him is Dulness, and Vertue is onely an innocent
 conceit of the Melancholy and base-minded.

They Trav-
 del Italy,
 1661.

Lastly, He is a Moth in the English-man's Code,
 a Earwig in the Dutch, a Caterpillar in the Italian,
 the Destruction of the Glory and Reputation of the
 British Court, a friend and slave to the Tyrant,
 and good for nothing but an Ambassador for the
 Devil.

FINIS.

A French man's Art is nothing but a delightful Cox-
 nage in smooth Phrases, gilded with ceremony, that
 make such fools, who think themselves to deal with
 over-valuing themselves: If the English Scholar in the
 French tongue does but utter a Complement indiffer-
 ent, both his hands are little enough to clasp himself:
 He

